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THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1969.

NO SURPRISE IN THE SUTTON CASE.

Anyone who has been following the second investigation into the death of Lieutenant Sutton, the young marine officer who was mysteriously shot at Annapolis, will find it hard to believe that Attorney Davis, counsel for Mrs. Sutton, will retire from the case simply because the judge advocate of the inquiry has placed the dead boy's mother in the position of an accuser in a murder trial. Whatever may be the technical position in which the military court places Mrs. Sutton, her attitude actually undergoes no change, and her counsel seems to be splitting hairs when he talks of withdrawing because he does not care to be the prosecutor in a criminal proceeding.

Mrs. Sutton is trying to clear the name of her dead son from the odium of suicide. She always has been confident in the belief that the boy was killed by one of his brother officers with whom he was fighting at the time a pistol ball entered his head and inflicted a fatal wound. The fact that she charged this in a letter to the secretary of the navy at the time she was making appeals to the department for a second inquiry is not surprising. At the time young Sutton was shot, according to the testimony of all the witnesses, he was engaged in a fight with several other marine officers. Somebody fired the shot that killed Sutton, and if Sutton himself did not do it it must have been done by one of the men with whom he was struggling. Therefore when Mrs. Sutton pleaded with the navy department to make another investigation, on the ground that if all testimony should be heard it would be demonstrated that her boy did not commit suicide, she practically filed a murder charge against one of the several officers who were fighting her son when he was killed. She made no specific charge, but in saying that her son did not shoot himself, she accused one of the officers of killing him just as clearly as she could have done in the letter to the navy department which was sprung by the judge advocate as a "surprise" during the inquiry Tuesday.

Attorney Davis when he became counsel for Mrs. Sutton knew as well or better than anyone else what the contention of his client meant. He knew that all kinds of developments in all probability would follow the beginning of a second investigation, and must have known that it was possible that just what has happened would happen.

Knowing all these things, Attorney Davis could not have been surprised by the introduction of Mrs. Sutton's letter to the department and the subsequent rulings of the court. It seems more likely that his statement that he desired to deliberate was made with the view of gaining time.

The country at large will await the final outcome of this inquiry with much interest. So far what has been brought out is calculated to lead the disinterested newspaper reader to believe that Sutton's mother is right in her claims that the lieutenant did not commit suicide.

PLEDGE ON BALLOT FOR THE PRIMARY.

State Democratic Chairman Ellison could not do otherwise than rule, in response to a query from the Elizabeth City chairman, that any voter who scratches the pledge placed there by the committee, should lose his vote. Democratic primaries are held for the purpose of choosing nominees to be supported by Democrats, and every body knows that nobody except Democrats, or those who promise to support the nominees of the primary, are supposed to participate. Of course, some people who do not intend to and will not vote for the nominees in the general election vote in the primaries. This cannot be helped, for if a voter chooses to pretend that he is going to fulfill the primary obligations, there is no way of keeping him out. But when a man announces that he does not propose to observe the party regulations on the moral obligation incurred by participating in the primary, it would be utterly ridiculous to allow his ballot to figure in deciding the result of a party contest.

It really should not be necessary to put a pledge on the ballot. It is necessary, however, for there are many people who do not recognize the moral obligation unless it is printed in black type on the ballot they cast. It is contended in some quarters that the pledge is liable to keep voters out of the primary. This may be true, but the Democratic party has the satisfaction of knowing that anybody who stays out for such reason very probably would not support the nominees if he went in. And the more such people kept out the better.

Bleriot's Achievement.

The flight over the English Channel from Calais to Dover by the Frenchman Bleriot in his monoplane marks in a dramatic manner the arrival of the airplane. Other aviators have accomplished greater feats perhaps, and as in the case of the Wrights, made records of more practical importance to the science, but Bleriot, with the Gallic eye to the proper setting, has performed a feat that makes the world stare and gasp, and the historic background of old Calais and ancient Dover, foes for centuries, makes the dramatic effect all the sharper.

While Bleriot's flight marks an era in the science of aviation, it decides little in the growing controversy of types. It does, however, open wider than ever the field for speculation as to the usefulness of the airplane in war and peace. One must take with several large grains of salt the predictions of the "practical" skeptics that the airplane must ever be somewhat of a plaything in peace and limited in war to purposes of observation. Let these rock-throwing prophets be warned by the sad experience of their kind in the past. Let them remember that the theory that steam would or could displace the horse in traffic was hooted and jeered at; that Fulton's steamboat filled the old salts with jeering scorn, and that wise men laughed at the first ironclad warship and the first automobiles and telephone.

Aviation is not out of the swaddling clothes yet, and the diplomat, if he be wise, will think it over a while before he nails a prophecy to the mast.—Washington Post.

Travelling on the Continent Fifty Years Ago.

Rome was Rome of Hans Christian Andersen's "Imaginations." The Cardinals drove about in red coaches, and the Pope—Pope Nono of the angelic face—blessed you. Venice was Austria, and there were no filthy penny steamers on the Grand Canal, and no horrible steam four-mills on the Giudecca. Germany was split up into innumerable little States, each no bigger than a table-cloth, each with its ridiculous little Court and its own incomprehensible coinage; so that in a day's journey you changed your money six times and were cheated as often. Every German had a title.

My first lessons on the piano were given me by a baroness who appeared to subsist on onions, and there is a tradition that at Dresden another baroness did our washing. You did not travel all over the world on a Cook ticket. By no manner of means, you were stopped every few miles to be identified and examined, and generally hauled over the coals. Oh, the passports! How they were "vised" and signed and countersigned and counter-counter-signed and you had to sit in ante-chambers and wait the great man's leisure while this was being done; and how you had to pay the great man's understrapper to get to them to do it! Days and sometimes weeks, were wasted over these formalities, and in the meantime the police came every morning to see you were still there and still corresponded with your description.—Louis N. Parker in the August Strand Magazine.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

What makes a girl's hair so nice and curly is her imagination.

The irritating thing about a good reputation is all the fun you miss keeping it.

What a woman means by having a fine figure is being able to dress it as if it were.

A woman can be as sure of her religion as of what a fine character the baby is going to have.

The average man is always sure he could have done a splendid business stroke if he had happened to think of it.

ABOUT THROUGH WORK

(Continued from First Page.)

though neither would discuss the conclusions reached.

Call in Democrats Today.
It was announced officially that the Democratic members of the conference committee would be called in session tomorrow. In view of President Taft's utterance "senate and house leaders were predicting tonight that the conference rates on gloves and lumber would not prove satisfactory to him."

It required a roll call to fix the rates on lumber which are as follows: Lumber, rough \$150 a 1,000 feet, house rate was \$1 and the senate rate \$1.50. The senate differentials were adopted. Gloves were made dutiable at rates considerably in advance of the duties fixed by the senate bill which for the most part were the same as the Dingley rates.

Busiest Session Yet.
Unquestionably the session today was the busiest of three weeks the bill has been in conference. Dozens of senators have sought audiences and were received by the senate members of the committee and there called also many members of the house, including the committee representing the anti-free-trade materials insurgents.

In the corridors swarmed agents of special interests who seemed to realize that the crucial period of the conference had arrived.
Senators Elkins and Scott, of West Virginia, and Clark, of Wyoming, endeavored to get the conferees to make the rate of 45 cents a ton on coal apply to the short ton, which it is said, would make a difference of about five cents a ton and operate to advance the rate to the equivalent of 50 cents. The senators interested in getting all the protection possible for coal were not successful in their mission.

Increase on Paper.
Just before the close of the session the rate on print paper was fixed at \$3.75 a ton. This is only 25 cents less than the senate rate and \$1.75 more than the house rate. It is \$2.25 a ton less than the existing rate.

There was some discussion today of the iron ore question. Senator Bagrows made an effort to get the rate fixed at 20 cents instead of 15 cents a ton.

Hides were left on the free list, contingent on the adoption of the rule in the house marking the action of the conferees in going below the house rates in fixing the rates on leather.

If the report is laid before the house on Friday according to present program it will be printed and taken up on Saturday.

It is not believed that the house will discuss more than one day. In this case the house may begin with the report on Monday.

Looking Over Papers.

RICHMOND, VA., July 28.—The State board of pharmacy is now in session looking over the examination papers of the seventy-two candidates who took the examination in the University College of Medicine yesterday. The members have a great deal of work before them, and not until tomorrow or Friday will the successful applicants be announced.

Costumes Obtained from Trees.

Considering the great antiquity of the art weaving vegetable fibres into cloth, says Professor McMillan, in the August Strand Magazine, it is remarkable that in some portions of the tropical world there are at the present day races of men who obtain their rude costumes from the inner bark of certain trees. Before the advance of civilization such material, it is believed, provided the principal articles of "clothing" for inhabitants of tropical regions, as did the skins of animals for people in cooler climates. One of the best examples of these trees is the "Sack tree" of Ceylon. To obtain the bark of this tree is felled and cut into sections; these are submerged in still water for several weeks for the purpose of rotting the bark, the latter being then washed and pounded so as to separate the parenchymatous tissue from the closely interwoven layer of fibres. The bark is afterwards dried and bleached, when it is ready for use in a fashion according to the fancy of the weaver. The sections of the bark may be cut into any length so as to adapt it for either a ready-made skirt, kilt, or shirt.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Think only of yourself and others will forget you.

People who weigh their words seldom speak lightly.

Polliteness is responsible for a good many white lies.

Better one smile on the face than a dozen on one's swallow.

The trouble with the average man is that he isn't honest himself.

Did it ever occur to you that drinking to a man's health will not prolong his life.

—Chicago News.

Children Who Are Sickly.

Mothers who value their own comfort and the welfare of their children, should never be without a box of Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, for use throughout the season. They break up Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Headache and Stomach Troubles. FINE POWDERS NEVER FAIL. Sold by all Druggists. Don't accept any cheap imitations. A trial package will be sent FREE to any mother who will address Allen & Co. Dept. L. E. Key, N. Y.

Always Something

Charles and His Love
Could Live on
So Little

"Well," she said, "did you see him?" "Yes," he groaned, "I saw him. Miserable, if he were not your father, I would say—"

"Hush!" she whispered. "For two cents," he groaned again, "I would quit college and go to work and—"

"Hush!" she whispered again. "Think of your career!" "After all," he said, "love can get along on very little money."

"Yes, Charles? Yes?" she breathlessly exclaimed. "Yes," said he, "I have been studying the matter."

And as he emphasized the word he coughed modestly behind his hand and drew a memorandum from his pocket.

"Now, in the first place," he said, "we must have a house. In the suburbs, you know. Say ten rooms, vines on the porch and all that sort of thing."

"And a little conservatory?" she breathed. "And a little conservatory," said he. "And a pergola, Charles?" she asked, clasping her hands.

"A pergola, of course," said he. "Won't that be beautiful?" she sighed. And sighing again she added, "But, Charles! The rent!"

"No," said he, "the furniture comes first."

"Dear Charles," she whispered, "how clever you are!" "Yes," said he, "the furniture comes first; and so I looked over the advertisements of the installment people; but—well, they all want a deposit down and—"

"I know, Charles," she whispered, "patting his hand."

"But all at once," said he, "it came to me like a flash! Like a flash!" He made a gesture with his hand to show her how a flash comes, and continued: "I said to myself, 'We will rent a furnished cottage and there's the house, and there's the furniture both provided for with one stone!'"

"Of course," she hesitated, "there's still the rent—"

"Forty dollars a month," he said. "Ten rooms. We'll sublet five of the rooms to five really nice people and charge them two dollars a week each. There's company for us, if we want it, and there's the rent!"

Whereupon she clasped her hands and languished.

"Next," said Charles, "there's the food."

"I'm an awfully light eater," she breathlessly exclaimed.

"Take eggs," said Charles, ignoring the interruption. "What is more simple and what is more nutritious than an egg?"

"I can boil them, too!" she cried, and she looked around as though for an egg to boil.

"Simple," said Charles in a learned manner, "and nutritious. Various, as well. You can boil them—soft or medium, or hard; you can poach them, fry them—one side or two; scramble them; make them into omelettes—herb omelettes, Spanish omelettes, corned beef omelettes; you can use them to trim the hash and the spinach and the salad. Give me an egg!" cried Charles, making a grand, beckoning gesture for that absent egg. "And I defy the world!" And after emotion had spent itself, he shortly added: "Chickens!"

"Chickens, Charles?" she asked. "Chickens?"

"Yes," said Charles, "we'll keep chickens!"

"Why, Charles?" she exclaimed. "Why, this is wonderful! Why—"

"Wait!" said Charles, holding up his finger. "Chickens eat corn."

Her countenance fell.

"We'll grow it!" said Charles, beaming with triumph, and silence; her admiration he resumed: "Next comes the milk."

She looked at him expectantly.

"The milk," he said, in all due modesty, "bothered me for a time. Yes, I'm willing to confess that the milk bothered me at first, but here is how I solved that: In every suburban section of any size the residents are always, to a certain extent, going away and coming back. Now, many of these must have cows—cows that have been long in the families—cows to whom the families were attached. In a word, pet cows. Well, then! We will keep these pet cows for their owners when ever they go away. And there, he cried in trembling tones, "and there's the milk and butter and cheese and eggs and chickens and fricassees and Baltimore style and fried and soup, and everything else you want!"

"How will the cows be fed, Charles?" she asked.

"On our grass!" he beamed. "And the vegetables!"

"We'll grow them!"

"And the fruit, too, we could," she laughed.

"And the fruit, too!" said Charles. "Now as for clothes—" he began, frowning.

"Oh, I have a lot of clothes," she said.

"So have I," said Charles. "Somehow," she breathed, "I always knew that love could get along on very little, but I never thought—"

"Tomorrow," he said, "for next day, I shall begin looking for a house, and when all the arrangements are made we will find a minister and—I wonder how much the minister's fee is?" he muttered.

"I think," she said, "it's generally \$5 or \$10."

And as for Charles, he thought long and earnestly, but at last he despaired.

"Hang it!" he said. "There's always something!"

GIRLS AND MUSICIANS.

"The late Paul Stanley, composer of 'Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay,' took no great pride in that song's success," said a San Francisco musician. "He had hoped to succeed as a composer of grand opera."

"When he lived here he often talked with a quaint kind of melancholy about the high ambitions of his youth, and how they had become humbler as he got older."

"A man's ambitions dwindle," he once said, "like a girl's matrimonial aims. At 16 a girl wants a fairy prince and nothing less. At 20 she is resigned to a millionaire duke. At 25 a member of congress is good enough. At 30 a country minister will do nicely, and at 35 she'll take anything, from a song-writer down."

Worse Than a Hired Man.

"Yeas," drawled the postmaster of Bacon Ridge, "that's old Zeb White, the laziest man in the state."

"In what way is he so lazy?" asked the coffee salesman.

"Why, every Sunday he takes the two chickens they are going to have for dinner and ties them as near to the pike as possible."

"Hm! What is that for?"

"So the racing automobiles will whiz their feathers off and he won't have the trouble of picking them."

Hard on the Receiver.
"No," drawled the mayor of the far-western settlement, "the boys had some money tied up in that bankrupt telephone company and they just didn't like the way the receiver was handling the business."

"Didn't eh?" commented the tourist. "Well, what did they do about it?"

"Oh, they just hung up the receiver."

BEFORE THE COOLNESS.



Hasbeen Henry—Aw, I wuz a flossy guy wunst. I useter smoke quatter cigars.

Thoughtless Thirveasy—Wot wuz de matter—wuz de sports too stingy to trow away half ones?

Will She?
If she the pantaloons gown dons, I wonder will she, too, Roll up the bottoms in the way Our college students do?

Not the Same.
Him—Queer what a difference there is in a woman's actions before and after marriage.

Her—How do they differ.
Him—Before her marriage she coaxes a man to come to her parties and after she marries him she expects him to stay away when she gives one.

Logical Deduction.
"I suppose," remarked the thoughtful thinker, "that when women get to voting it will boom your business."

"Why do you think so?" queried the unsuspecting druggist.

"Because," explained the t. t., "it will give the political situation a different complexion."

Weather Notes.
"Does the wind blow this way all the time?" asked a stranger in Wichita the other day, as he jammed his hat over his ears and hung onto the rest of his clothes to keep them from being blown off.

"Oh, no," replied a native, "it blows the other way a good deal of the time."

News for Dad.
Tommy—"I see wood yields about one-fifth as much heat as coal."

Bobbie—"I guess my dad don't know that."

"Why?"

"Because, when he 'warms' me he always uses a shingle!"—Yonkers Statesman.

No, Indeed.
"Science seems to be puzzled by the strange beast recently captured by Mr. Roosevelt."

"Rest assured of one thing."

"And what is that?"

"It isn't a nature fake."

What Could He Have Meant.
"Do you ever write on an empty stomach?" asked the mere man.

"Sir!" exclaimed the literary person. "I am a poet, not a tattoo artist!"—Puck.

Considerate Judge.
Patience—And was the judge considerate?

Patrice—Very; he barked me my age before he swore me.—Yonkers Statesman.

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